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OUR GREAT XMAS GIFT OFFER. *See Page 10.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 652. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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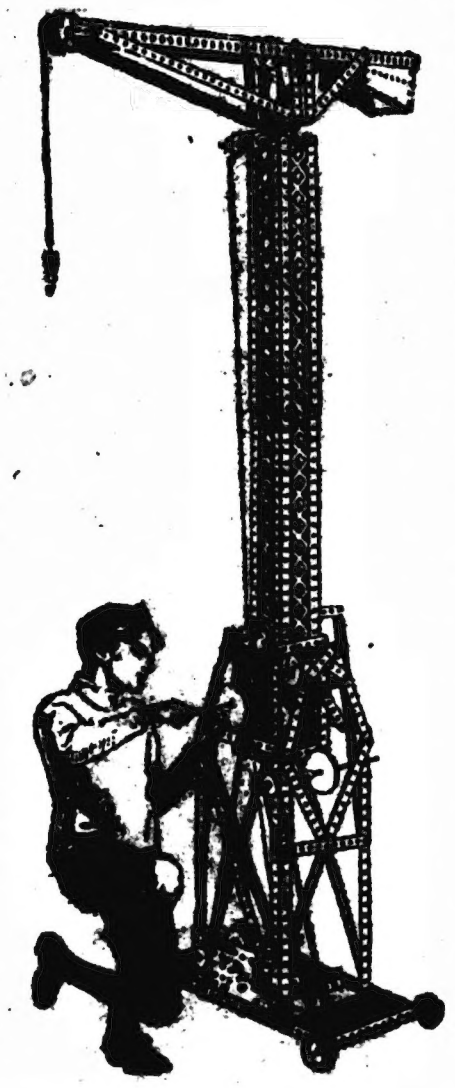

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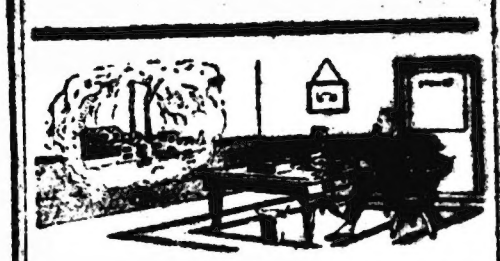

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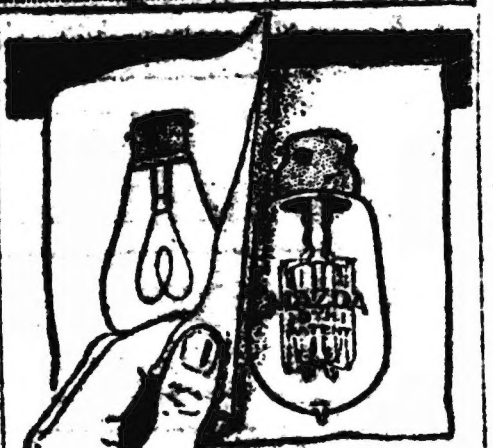

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JOHN BULL

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 652. Week ending Saturday, November 30th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Editor's Position.

In next week's issue the Editor will announce his intentions in connection with the forthcoming General Election.

Overwhelmed.

Meanwhile, we are being bombarded with letters, telegrams, and deputations from constituencies all over the country, asking us to stand—whilst at least a hundred candidates seem to think we are free to "come and speak for them." Oh, dear us!

"Starving Germany."

Don't be too sure of that. We have excellent accounts of this year's harvests.

Next, Please!

So John Burns is saying good-bye to his constituents. Let other "doubtfuls" follow his example.

Those Prisoners.

Surely somebody *over here* has blundered in not having made proper arrangements for taking over and feeding the prisoners given up by Germany?

"Official."

Apropos of the "releaso" of the news of the loss of the *Audacious*, we have the permission of the Press Bureau to mention that Her Majesty Queen Anne passed peacefully away on 1st August, 1714.

The Toll.

We had better reconcile ourselves to the fact that Britain's death-roll in the war was nearly a million of her finest lives—God rest their souls! It was a big price to pay—let us make the Peace worth it.

Mr. Speaker.

It is very good of Mr. Lowther to offer to remain in the Chair of the Commons till after Peace. The new House will take some keeping in order—especially if and when our hon. friends the Sinn Feiners arrive!

The P.M.'s First Trouble.

Do you remember our saying, a few weeks ago, that the General Election would not be exactly a cake-walk for the Coalition? The revolt of Labour was the Premier's first obstacle; then came the resignations of Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Clynes—and there are others!

Ireland.

And then there is Ireland. We fancy that before long Mr. Lloyd George will be looking wistfully in the direction of those "Nationalist benches."

Heligoland.

Why not utilise the millions of tons of explosives we have on hand to blow up this wretched rock island—as a first step towards securing "the freedom of the seas"?

Winter Racing.

We are glad to have been the means of saving the grand old British sport of steeplechasing from the menace which threatened it. How the soldiers revel in it!

Quite Right.

Here is an extract from a satirical skit upon our part in the war, from *Cassell's Saturday Journal*: "Now you have done watching Austria, *watch me!*" Many a true word written in jest.

War Doctors.

Many hard cases continue to come to our knowledge, showing how patriotic medical men who gave up lucrative practices to serve at the Front have been virtually ruined—receiving, even in the case of serious disablement, only the most paltry allowances. It is too bad.

Comforting.

According to *Everyman*—which must not be confused with that bright little ladies' weekly, *Everywoman's*—"Mr. Bottomley is not a disease, but a symptom . . . and the symptom is ignorance." We wonder what the disease would be?

Bravo, Bishop!

Lord Haldane, instead of changing his name and retiring from public life, is always prating about education—although, as the Bishop of Exeter neatly puts it, "he is an awful example of the dangers of over-education." But what *is* education?

The Real Germany.

Let every man or woman who still entertains any shred of soft feeling towards "the German people," ponder their crime statistics in comparison with our own. They reveal the Huns in their true character as a nation of wild beasts—but guilty of things wild beasts would be restrained by instinct from doing.

A Bit of Bernhardi.

We have had another look at Bernhardi's book, "Germany and the Next War." Here is a choice bit: "'World Power or Downfall' will be our rallying cry." And here's another: "It is very questionable whether an English Army would be capable of effectively acting on the offensive against Continental European troops." Clever chap, Bernhardi!

The Territorials.

Surely, in all the jubilations of Peace, some special recognition will be made of the splendid part played in the war by the old Territorials?

All Bluff!

The *Methodist Recorder* says that we are "even more brilliant than Mr. Wells in 'poker' journalism." Well, that is better than the "scuttle" school, isn't it?

Satirical?

Was it an intentional bit of satire on the part of the *Evening Standard* when it referred to Lord Milner as "the only Englishman" at the Armistice Conference?

An Honourable Critic.

Apropos of our recent protest against a very vulgar attack upon us in the columns of the *Catholic Herald*, we welcome the dignified and generous criticism of the *Universe* and its stern rebuke of "meaningless and ill-mannered jibes on the part of unrepresentative Catholics."

More Praise from Parsons.

Thus the Rev. Ernest Thorn, at Balham: "I may be taken to task by some of my fellow ministers, but I want to bear a word of testimony to one man in this country who, during the last four years, has consistently done his level best to cheer the hearts of the people." We raise our hat.

The House of Israel.

According to the *Covenant People*—which, we gather, is the organ of the Imperial British Israel Association—"the British and the United States are the House of Israel, and ages ago were appointed God's battle-axe." No wonder Germany lost!

Getting On!

Imagine the *Westminster Gazette* patting us on the back! Our verdant contemporary is good enough to declare that our allegation of "a scheme to muzzle Tommy" in connection with the General Election will, unless a good answer be forthcoming, "in a few months' time become a very dangerous cry."

The National News.

General sympathy will go out to the new proprietors of this journal in their bad luck, just when they had made it one of the cleanest and most popular of all Sunday papers, in seeing its name besmirched in the recent libel action relating to a period long prior to their ownership. But quality *will* tell—and *The National News* is "the goods."

Prohibition.

Encouraged by the tumult and the shouting of those vociferous pumpuritans, Mr. Arthur Mee and Dr. Stuart Holden, one of the Canadian newspapers ventures the view that "the day is believed to be actually coming when England will have prohibition of the liquor traffic." Our Overseas contemporary is at liberty to believe what it pleases, of course; but if it wants a bet, it will be well advised to bet on something else.

Ramsay's Turned Coat.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is now actually trying to pose as one who, with his Party, has always supported the country in the war. But in the House of Commons, on August 3rd, 1914, he said:—"So far as we are concerned, whatever may happen, we will take the action . . . and say that this country should have remained neutral . . . . That alone was consistent with the honour of the country." He sings to a different tune now, and those words may be a helpful reminder.

Huns' Outrage in Kent.

Along the Dartford road, on Armistice Day, travelled a motor lorry, decked with a few joy flags. There approached it some fifty Hun prisoners, with one solitary guard. That unholy mob snatched the flags from the lorry, tore them to rags, and broke the sticks. The plucky driver, leaping down, trounced one Hun and severely basted him, but things looked dangerous until a party of soldiers appeared—when the so-called prisoners bolted in a body. We wait to learn what punishment has been dealt out to the brutes.

What Haldane *Did* Say.

Though Lord Haldane denies that he ever spoke of Germany as his "spiritual home," does he dispute the fact that on June 28th, 1912, at the anniversary dinner of the German Hospital at Dalston, he described the last of the Hohenzollerns, whose health he proposed, as "a great man, gifted by the gods with the highest gift they can give," and that he afterwards expressed his "sense of rejoicing" that the Kaiser, as he claimed, was "half an Englishman"? And has the noble Lord ever apologised—or explained?

Mrs. Partington at Leyton.

Mrs. Partington, you will remember, was the lady who took a mop to the shore to stop the tide from coming in. Councillor Slade, of the Leyton Education Committee, tried something equally futile. He ordered no holiday at the local schools on Armistice Day, because there had been an influenza closure. And he further expressed his desire that there should be no shouting. Perhaps the children went to school as usual, and perhaps not.—But we guess the silence of that "no shouting" could be heard for miles.

The Happy Christmas.

This Christmas ought to be the happiest, merriest days of all the Christmases we have ever lived. Is the Food Control putting its most humanising and acutest wits to work to see that, by hook or by crook, by every available means possible, the poorest in the land—the kiddies more than all—shall have the benefit of the biggest, best, cheapest, and most varied Christmas fare they have had since they learned for all their lives the awful meaning of universal war? In various forms, from many quarters, that is the question put to us. What is the answer to it?

Order of Merit.

It is suggested to us that every horse which is demobilised with the troops and passes again into the life of the streets or the life of the land, should be distinguished with an official rosette or badge in recognition of its war services, in order to induce carters to treat such animals at least with respect, if not with kindness. The matter is one which might well be taken up by Our Dumb Friends' League.

The Thieves' Kitchen.

It is news to us that the National Kitchen in the New County Hall has recently become an annexe of the Thieves' Kitchen. "On ordering lunch to-day," three customers tell us, "we were informed that only one potato would be served to each diner, but the usual price would be charged, viz., 2d. a portion." Granting, as the manager explained, that there was a "local shortage" of potatoes, why should there not be a local shortage of profiteering?

Postponed Proposals.

The Sunderland Electricity Committee are quick when they start. The other day they proposed at a single sweep to raise the electricity charges to consumers, and at the same time to pop up the salary of the Borough Electrical Engineer from £1,000 to £1,200 per annum. Fortunately, the full Council would touch neither of these inconsistent recommendations with a pitchfork. Let us hope the poor Engineer will manage to struggle through the winter.

A Stupid Demand.

A South London reader, compelled to use a hand-propelled invalid chair, had it fitted with the contrivance known as an auto-wheel, so that it went of its own accord. Next thing he knew, an Inland Revenue official pounced upon him with the intimation that his chair was now a "motor-car," and that duty must be paid accordingly. In vain the unfortunate cripple pleaded that the vehicle might be assessed, if at all, as a motor-cycle; the argument was apparently that the chair had four wheels, and was, therefore, a car or nothing. It is a gross injustice to a poor invalid.

"Let There Be Light!"

"Now we are all rationed with gas," demands a small Bradford shopkeeper who has groped a way to his profits, or losses—whichever the case may be—in the darkness for four years, "why should we not light our windows and use less inside the shop? The lighting restrictions have killed the Christmas trade; surely now we could use our ration as we like?" It is difficult to see why the lights in Bradford should have been turned down at all. Neither Zeppelins nor Gothas ever had any intention of passing that way. There are too many Germans there.

A Queer Appointment.

We observe that under the scheme recently instituted by the Ministry of Food, Sir Henry Lewis, of Garth, Bangor, has been appointed a Collecting Dealer in Potatoes, for North Carnarvon. Did it escape Mr. Clynes' notice that in June and July last the firm of Sir Henry Lewis, Ltd.—of which Sir Henry is practically the sole proprietor—was convicted on three summonses and fined £40 at Llanrwst and Bangor for selling oats at prices exceeding the maximum? In these circumstances, wouldn't it be as well if someone else had the handling of the potatoes?

Motto for Otto.

On behalf of the Chairman of the Horsham District Council, the Clerk writes to say that the Council had no part in the milk prosecution in which the German, Herr Otto Helmer, gave evidence, and that Herr Helmer is not employed by them, but is Public Analyst under the West Sussex County Council. Thus is Horsham relieved of responsibility; but it still remains for West Sussex to find a motto for Otto. It should be "Get Out."

No Trace.

We understand that "Rathbone's Technical and Industrial Bureau, Limited," are prepared for the good of the country to "investigate and present detailed reports" upon any matter of commercial interest. Perhaps, therefore, they will be good enough to enquire and tell us why, early in this month, when we happened to be looking over the files at Somerset House, we could find no trace of any registered company bearing their title.

Jars about Jam.

From all parts of the country we have complaints from people that, notwithstanding being registered for jam, they cannot get any. Many grocers flatly refuse to sell except on a minimum basis of four coupons, which means that a customer must save up for four weeks before she can get her ration. And the Food Controller now explains that he cannot complete his distribution scheme until 29th December. Same old story. Jam yesterday, jam to-morrow—but never jam to-day.

Eggsasperating.

As with jam, so with eggs. More than a week ago the Food Ministry announced in all the papers that new-laid eggs were to be 5½d. each, shop eggs 4½d. each, and political eggs 3s. per doz. It looks, however, as if the 5½d. egg were to be as elusive as the 1s. 9d. rabbit—for eggs, as we write, are still 8d. a time, and "the Food Controller announces that it has been found necessary to postpone the operation of the Egg Prices Order until a week later than originally fixed." In case of further delay, persons intending to take an active part in the forthcoming General Election should apply well in advance for the eggs they require.

"No Children."

It is more than time the State tackled the "No Children" scandal; the situation is intolerable. Daily pitiful stories pour in. Here is a soldier's wife, with six children, who can obtain neither house, rooms, nor flat. She has been taken in temporarily by her sister-in-law, with five children. She is so worried that "she feels she could take her children and go out of the world altogether." For her husband, a Boer War hero, a tankman who has been gassed, there is no home to come to. All this must be remedied.

Money and Matrimony.

Gateshead, in common with a few more Educational Committees on the sweat, appoint married women teachers only as "supplies," and then at a reduced salary. "We have vacancies in Infants' Schools," writes the Clerk to a local lady, "but as you are married the appointment would be temporary." Married women sweated in this way are in general teachers of long experience, whom the exigencies of the war have compelled to seek reappointments in the schools. They are as efficient as unmarried women. Why should Authorities take advantage of their position?

Hun Trawlers.

Let us hope it is a libel, but a Cromarty skipper of the R.N.R. asserts that, whether German waiters come back to us or not, German trawlers certainly will if the Aberdeen fish-buyers can possibly manage it. In his opinion the German skippers were nothing but spies, whom the Aberdeen fish-buyers encouraged to take the bread out of the mouths of British fishermen. In any case, no more Hun trawlers are wanted here.

An Insulting Figure.

The appointment was to be "a temporary one for the period of the war," so it may soon be all over, but the Borough of Pembroke were recently advertising for an Engineer and Surveyor to the Council "at an inclusive salary of £150 per annum." As things go nowadays, the salary named is a lot less than a little, especially when it is stated that "No private practice will be allowed."

The Coal Crime.

The "Coal Crime"—as we dubbed the huge supplies of the rich, compared with the empty scuttles of the poor—seems to be the common thing in country villages. This picture, from a corner in Fifeshire, is shameful—"I have been home on a month's furlough from hospital, minus a leg. I have had to sit two days without a fire, with a wife and three children in bed with influenza. People with a bit of money can get a wagon-load from our Coal Society." The Fuel Officers are unworthy of their salt if they cannot contrive better than that.

Their Lordships' Mind.

Some of the Post Office temporary workers have received war bonus as promised, and the permanent staff have been so blessed twice this year. But the temporary clerical staff, engineering branch, are still in the cold. My Lords of the Treasury admit they have been thinking of considering the matter since last July. If they hope the temporary clerks will have to leave before their lordly minds are made up, the attitude is a mean one.

"Mr. Sparks."

The Shipping Controller, or Shipping Muddler, seems doomed to cause discontent. He does even the right thing badly. There is to be a stated bonus, a definite increase, for everybody in the Mercantile Marine—except the Wireless Operator. In gallantry these boys are second to none, but their pay is the worst of all. They are not supplied with an outfit, and when Mr. Sparks loses his kit through an "accident" at sea, he must buy a new one.

Discharged for 'Flu.

There was a soldier's wife at Wrexham, who got the 'flu. For over two years she had worked her hardest as a military clerk, doing extra hours without extra pay; but when the 'flu bowled her over for two or three days, she was at once discharged. Lots of other people have suffered a similar illness, but probably nobody has been punished for it like this young woman. It is a mean thing so to shelve her, and to dock her of the overtime she has earned.

Benefit for Badgers.

A war-worn Territorial, suffering from neurasthenia and other wound effects, claimed to benefit as an old member of the Sons of Temperance. But their Rule states, it appears, that "if any member enters the Regular Army, the Royal Navy, or the Royal Marines, he shall not be entitled to any benefits . . on account of any ailment he may have acquired through such service"; however, our friend was a member of the Territorials and not of the Regular Army. Looks like a point lawyers might fall in love with, and a Judge be compelled to concede.

Canonical.

To paraphrase Mr. Lloyd George, the Canon Green who has been lecturing in Houldsworth Hall, Manchester, thinks that "all the talk by the Bishop of Liverpool about making people understand that the way of transgressors is hard," is blank nonsense. "You may, if you like," he said, "punish Germany, but it will do nobody any good." As far as the Huns are concerned, it is well worth trying. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." It is assuredly the right thing that we should help the Lord to pay the Hun his adequate wages. They are four years overdue, and we should be missing our moral and religious duty if we did not pay them in full.

£1,000 for a Christmas Box.

We are offering this week £1,000 as a special Christmas prize in our "Bullets" Competition. There are also over 8,000 other prizes.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

DEAR CHIEF SEC.,—I gather from your speech in the House of Commons the other day that if you were not Chief Secretary for Ireland—or, at any rate, someone quite as clever—it would be a shocking thing for that distressful country. Meanwhile, I find that at Cork, quite recently, a Head Constable was brutally shot and his assailant cheered by a disorderly mob, this being by no means the only indication of a grave increase of lawless violence. You have failed as miserably as any of your predecessors. Forgive my candour. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. F. T. Woods, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough.

DEAR BISHOP,—It strikes me you are just a bit too much in a hurry. "The Peace Conference," you say, "must be ready with mercy whenever the slightest sign of repentance makes it possible." On the contrary, my own view is that the first concern of the Peace Conference must be with justice rather than with mercy, and that a good deal more than "the slightest sign of repentance" will be needed before we can reasonably or justly be asked to forgive an enemy who has outraged every righteous principle. In matters theological, I sit subject to your correction; but I had always understood that penance should precede pardon. If I am right, you must be wrong. JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Constable, Abergavenny, Wales.

DEAR HEAD POLICEMAN,—They tell me that it was you who, on the morning of the Armistice, told the Mayor that the bells of Abergavenny must not ring out the tidings of great joy, and that it was the Mayor who told you the bells should ring and damn the consequences—or words to that effect. I hear his Worship is wondering whether you intend to summon him for assembling to create a noise or obstructing D.O.R.A. in the execution of her duty. Relieve his troubled mind soon, will you? JOHN BULL.

To the Magistrates of Petty Sessions, Weston-super-Mare.

GENTLEMEN,—You were in such a hurry the other day to appoint a new Magistrates' Clerk that, instead of waiting, as you were legally required to do, for a special meeting of Petty Sessions, you rushed the matter through in a hole-and-corner fashion. The gentleman appointed has as yet no legal status, and you are compelled, as I understand, to advertise a position which, to all practical intents, you have already filled. What *was* your hurry? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord D'Abernon, Chairman, Liquor Control Board.

DEAR PUB-CONTROLLER,—In my opinion, you have made very poor use of the wide powers entrusted to you, your sole idea having been, apparently, to place as many irritating obstacles as possible in the way of the moderate use of alcoholic liquors. As long as the fighting lasted, we put up with your fussy restrictions, on the dubious understanding that they were helping us to win the war; but now that peace is in sight, we are determined no longer to be treated as children and tied to the apron-strings of your grandmotherly Board. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Henry Gregg, Ex-Mayor of Tynemouth, Northumberland.

EX-WORSHIP SIR,—"In these times," I recall your saying in hoity tones when last year you were summoned at Wallsend for having sold through one of your employees bread otherwise than by weight, and with delivering bread from a carriage without scales, "men should not be harassed by such matters"; and on being fined 10s. you had the face, yourself a Magistrate, to tell the Bench that you were "afraid" you would "contravene the law again to-morrow." You stand as "Independent" Candidate for Parliament, I see. In the opinion of "Dizzy," an Independent is so-called because he cannot be depended on. That is certainly my opinion in *your* case. JOHN BULL.

To Rigby Swift, Esq., K.C., M.P., Temple, E.C.

MY LEARNED FRIEND,—In defending the man Stopford at the Old Bailey the other day, you were pleased to display the kind of ignorance which in former times might have recommended you as a lawyer-politician. You spoke of me as a "weekly or a monthly journal." I have no doubt that you will speedily see this letter, and realise that I have often things of interest to say, not once a month, but once a week. I recommend your constituents, before they vote for your election to the new Parliament, to find out whether your ignorance is mere impertinence, or is genuinely colossal.

JOHN BULL.

To the Controller of Coal-Scuttles, Bournemouth.

DEAR SIR,—The boarding-house keepers in your town must certainly be having a great time. Never made so much money on the coal scuttles as they are making now. They are charging 3s. per scutt. of ½ cwt.—£12 a ton, there or thereabouts—assuming an attitude of severe displeasure and an air of lofty indifference if anybody dares to suggest that it is a trifle over the top. But isn't there a fixed price for selling coal retail, to be consumed on or off the premises?

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., ex-Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR LORD ROBERT,—'Twixt you and me and the *Echo de Paris*, you have made a bad blunder in your statement to the interviewer that the extradition of the Kaiser could not be legally demanded from Holland, but it might be "requested as a favour." If this is the best a League of Nations can do, and all it can do, at the Peace Conference—if it has to go on its knees to beg from Holland what it is entitled to demand in the name of Justice—then I think we had better settle our part in the peace terms by convening a Vestry Meeting or a Mothers' Sewing Circle. Think about it, will you, now that you have leisure? JOHN BULL.

TWO PESTS OF SOCIETY.

AND "JOHN BULL'S" PART IN BRINGING THEM TO JUSTICE AND GAOL.

"IT is rather a mystery to me how that statement of Anderson's got into JOHN BULL." That was the remark of Mr. Justice Lawrence at the Old Bailey the other day, when Albert Stopford was sent to gaol with hard labour. And it might well be a mystery to the learned Judge how this journal—which, taking the risk which all journals take in denouncing scoundrels, had proclaimed to the world that two men, Samter and Stopford, were pests of society, defilers of young manhood—should not have played its legitimate part in the trial and condemnation of these blackguards. It is not our purpose to go into the evidence which has satisfied two British juries that these men whom we denounced as despicable degenerates deserved our condemnation. To-day they are paying the penalty of their offences. Samter has gone to prison for nine months; Stopford, who boasted in Court that his grandfather was Colonel of the Scots Guards, and that he himself was a friend of the Secretary for War, will wear the convict's garb for a year.

Society is well rid of such men. It was only from a stern sense of public duty that JOHN BULL, listening to the despairing cry of the young Scots Guardsman last July, defended him at his Court-Martial, and after repeated denunciation of the two scoundrels, induced the Public Prosecutor to take action. Our readers will remember that pleading letter which the soldier's wife brought to us—the husband, who had for eight months gone about the West End with these men unhindered, was arrested on his wedding-day as a deserter. This is part of it:—

> Why should I suffer and all these people get off free? Stopford and others used me for their own purposes, me being under the impression that they could make things all right for me. Now that I am caught they are not caring, and think I will not speak. If nothing can be done I will do my punishment, and have my say afterwards. I am doing this for the good of other people who are in the same position as I am.

We at once answered the appeal, and after going carefully into the facts—not as Mr. Rigby Swift, counsel for Stopford, tried to induce the jury to believe, without taking the trouble to make enquiry—we championed the Guardsman's case, got his offence reduced from desertion to absence without leave, and saw to it that the police laid those despicable degenerates by the heels. Any ordinary person, and certainly any lawyer, will understand that the part we played in the accusations leading up to arrest placed us in a position to give important evidence in the case of Stopford. This aristocratic defiler of young soldiers paid us a visit, and with lies on his lips tried to impress us with the same story which he later sought to impose upon a jury. But to us he made important admissions; he denied the authenticity of the Guardsman's letter; he declared that Anderson would "never do me in"—a guilty admission, if ever there was one—and he sought to brazen things out by impudently asserting that, in spite of the grave accusations made against him, he would be "a father" to the boy when he had completed his military sentence "and help him when he comes out."

Who, then, will say that JOHN BULL was not a material witness? Both Stopford and Samter were libelled by us, yet neither dared to bring an action. Surely that fact, together with all the circumstances leading up to arrest, was matter for a British jury; yet it pleased the authorities to make strenuous endeavours, even at the risk of a miscarriage of justice—in Stopford's case particularly there was real need for strengthening evidence—to keep this journal out of it. "Why drag in JOHN BULL?" as the Treasury Counsel in the Samter case was heard to say. Why, indeed?—because JOHN BULL could have offered valuable evidence. It would have been useful, would it not, to contrast Stopford's statement to us that he would be a father to the boy with his callous and unsigned note to the lad in prison after a friend of Anderson's had appealed to Stopford for help? Here it is—it has never before been published: "I know all. I am going away very soon for a very long journey." Stopford wanted to bolt: he had got his passports for Russia, and we believe it was only the strong and persistent action taken by JOHN BULL which prevented him leaving the country.

In the course of our inquiries—yes, Mr. Rigby Swift, JOHN BULL does not attack a man without good cause—we learned that Albert Stopford had been notorious for years; that the military authorities were anxious to put an end to those Continental visits which were belauded at the trial, but that they lacked evidence. Yet now we know that all the time the police had good reason for laying this creature by the heels. A warrant for his arrest on a charge involving like conduct with another Scots Guardsman was issued as long ago as 1894. *But it was withdrawn in 1897.* That statement comes from the police, and while it fixes this degenerate's career of wickedness at least for a quarter-of-a-century, it raises the question, Why was that warrant withdrawn? We know that Stopford boasted of his friends in high places. We know that since he was 33—he is now 58—he has been carrying on his vicious practices. God knows what trail of nameless crimes he has laid with his polluting steps through those years—what wickedness might have been averted if the man had been made to pay the penalty in 1894!

We have no wish to dwell on these matters; but while congratulating the Public Prosecutor, whose attention was personally directed by us to these two pests of society, we venture to express the hope that in future the police authorities will display real zeal in tracking down this type of offender. For ourselves, we do not seek these cases; we do not pose as the censors of private morals. But wherever we find men in high places using their influence for the undoing of those who cannot defend themselves, we shall do as we have done with Stopford and Samter. And here endeth Chapter IV, and with it the story of "Vice and the Victim."

WOE OF A WIDOW.

A CANADIAN SOLDIER'S DEAD MARCH HOME.

When a soldier is dead in hospital he is dead, and that is apparently all the military authorities trouble themselves about him. A Stornoway widow—a poor woman, let it be said—had a son in the 28th Canadians. Wounded, he was eventually sent to the War Hospital at Reading, where he himself expected to recover, but while the mother was preparing for his home-coming she received a telegram from the hospital to say he was dead, and asking whether she wished the funeral to take place at Reading or Stornoway; "coffin conveyed Government expense to nearest railway station." She replied that the body should be sent to Stornoway. Back then came the answer that it was "impossible send son's remains unless cost remitted in advance, £35 to Kyle of Lochalsh," Lochalsh being the nearest "station" to his home. On behalf of the widow, a local resident then wired to Reading Hospital demanding that the body should be sent to Kyle as stipulated. To this the answer was returned, "Regret Canadian Government will only meet expenses local funeral and railway expenses for two friends. Impossible for this hospital carry out your instructions." The end of the matter was that the poor woman had to remit £35 to get the body to Kyle, and, when it arrived there, pay an additional £6 to bring it home across the Minch—a total sum of £41. The facts as we have them suggest either bad blundering or cruel extortion.

"WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT."

FRAUDULENT DENTAL FIRM NEATLY EXPOSED.

A few weeks ago we exposed the rascal Joseph Leo Rosenschein, *alias* Joseph A. Sin David, who at one time, in association with two shady individuals called Farkasch and Lauer, carried on as many as 57 cheap dental businesses in various parts of the country. The method followed was to employ house-to-house canvassers to examine people's mouths, book orders and collect fees, the work being carried out by wholly unskilled persons. At the Greenwich Police Court the other day a fellow named John Hay, described as a "dental operator," was charged with embezzling the sum of £4 13s. It appears that Hay had been employed by Surry's Dental Surgery, of New Cross Road, S.E. Their plan of operations—an entirely appropriate term—was to send out an "operator" in company with two or three lady canvassers. While the canvassers went from door to door to beat up patients, the operator cooled his heels on the pavement, ready at a second's notice to pounce, forceps in hand, upon the victims "landed" by the touts. A partner in Surry's Dental Surgeries admitted that neither he nor any of his associates had the least pretence to dental qualifications, three of them being associated with the Royal Liver Friendly Society, a connection which may have considerably helped the dental business. This is an admission of which perhaps the Royal Liver Society may be inclined to take notice.

"DORA" DYING HARD.

IRELAND'S GLUT OF FOOD NOT FOR US.

"Dora," even in her dying throes, intends that we shall still go a-hungered. There is plenty and plenty of food quite near us—in Ireland, to be exact. And there the dying "Dora" retains it. By Order. One Belfast dealer, one of many, writes this declaration:—"I have tons of bacon, hams, and lard and other provisions, and am prohibited from shipping same. I have hundreds of orders from England, but won't be allowed to ship." Even postal parcels containing food are taboo. This is no old Regulation. It is a new, or respected, Regulation, made by Dora of Dublin, on November 12th, the day after Armistice Day. She ponderously and comprehensively decreed:—"The attention of all concerned is drawn to the fact that Export from Ireland, except under Licence, of the following Commodities is Prohibited by Statutory Order:—'Potatoes, tallow, dripping, jam, jelly, marmalade, barley, malt, bacon, ham, pork, lard, milk, butter, cheese, oats, and meat.'" It is a pretty comprehensive list. It bars all the food that is choking warehouses, stores, and ships, from coming to us, who could well do with it. Hundreds of tons of potatoes are being sold in Belfast at a big loss to growers, while in London it is practically impossible to buy them at any price. It seems a wicked, silly "Statutory Order." Why this food should remain unshipped, we repeat, goodness knows. Unless, of course, it is being carefully reserved for the dear Huns.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

"There's One More River to Cross!"

A CRUEL SHAME.

CRIPPLED FATHER'S BATTLE WITH POOR LAW.

Seldom has the scandal of the "boarding-out" of Poor Law children against the wishes of their parents been more forcibly illustrated than in the case at Thrapston (Northants) Police Court, where a crippled labourer, Walter Arnett, of Raunds, was summoned before two Magistrates—Lieut.-Col. J. S. Benyon and Mr. G. E. Abbott—for "harbouring" his 16-year-old daughter. It was stated by the Deputy-Clerk to the Guardians that, seven years ago, five or six of the defendant's children were admitted to the Workhouse, and that when she was old enough the girl in question was placed out in service at Woodford. Apparently she was unhappy there, and in May last, as soon as she was 16 years old, she ran home to her parents, believing, as she told the Magistrates, that beyond that age she was free to do as she liked. The local Bumbles, however, were on the alert, and in June of this year the crippled father received the first summons for "harbouring" his daughter, and, in default of paying a fine, went to prison for a month. For this cruel severity it is impossible to discover a shred of justification. The parents, although they had suffered heavy misfortune, were respectable. The girl herself was fondly attached to her father and mother, and determined that, if she could help it, she would never return to the chilly protection of the Poor Law. If there had been a doubt on this point, it would have been entirely removed by the daughter's evidence on the hearing of the second summons. If there was one thing clearer than another, it was that the poor girl hated the Union and loved her home, and now that she was in a position to earn money on her own account, having in fact obtained employment in the neighbourhood, she pleaded with the Magistrates not to send her back to the Workhouse. She might as well have addressed her prayer to a couple of stone images. The Justices coldly ordered the father, in effect, to turn his devoted daughter out of doors, or else to go to prison again. The whole proceedings were a cruel shame.

LEFT TO DIE.

ANOTHER ARMY MEDICAL SCANDAL.

Instead of a proper inquest, a hole-and-corner inquiry by the Coroner, without a jury, was held at Chepstow into the untimely death of Sapper W. F. Pearson, aged 23, an R.E. stationed at the Sedbury Camp. From the post-mortem examination, it appeared that Pearson was suffering from serious enlargement and valvular disease of the heart, although the well-marked symptoms of these grave disorders had not prevented his passing the Army doctors on his enlistment in 1917. All that was then done, it seems, was to make a note on the poor fellow's medical sheet that he was suffering from heart disease, and to relegate him to category C1. However, soldiering is soldiering, and before long the man showed ominous signs of strain. Not that anybody seemed to care what became of him. The Medical Officer at the Sedbury Camp admitted that until the soldier was dead he had never seen his medical sheet. Complaining of illness, Pearson had been treated for nettle-rash, headache and constipation; on the day before his death he was given "medicine and duty." Perhaps the most painful feature of the whole case was the account given by the Acting-Corporal of his Company of the treatment accorded to the poor fellow when, as it afterwards appeared, he was actually in a dying condition. Although he had several times before complained of feeling sadly unwell, the man was left all night without medical attention, and when early on the last morning he was picked up from the floor in a state of collapse, he was merely helped into bed and left there unconscious, no doctor being summoned from first to last till he died. This, said the Acting-Corporal, was the "ordinary procedure," the idea being apparently that if he happened to be still alive, he was to report himself sick on parade! The Army medical arrangements in the war have in many directions been open to severe censure, but it is doubtful if in the whole four years there has been a more disgraceful scandal, or one more urgently calling for official attention.

A BUSINESS IN BELGIUM.

BRITON'S DIFFICULTY IN RETURNING TO IT.

Belgians, deprived of home or business because of the German invasion, have been helped financially—as they deserved to be. A British subject, however, fared differently. He, owning an hotel at Antwerp, was obliged to leave, with his wife and family, and has heard nothing since concerning his premises. He has filled in the time in the Trawler Section of the R.N.R., starting as deck-hand and rising to skipper. Now that he thinks of returning to Antwerp to make a fresh start in life, the assistance he could do with is not forthcoming. He may register his claim against the German Government, and that appears to be all. Yet, surely this man, with a valuable business in Antwerp, should be able to return to it. It cannot be argued that it is right to leave him to his own devices just because he is British.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

BOLD FINANCIER'S COY PROPOSAL.

Not long ago an advertisement appeared for a Company Secretary, "investment preferred, good remuneration." Applicants were soon put in touch with a concern styled the Farmers' Contract Syndicate, Ltd., of 93 and 94, Chancery Lane. The principal of this Company is a Mr. Frederick Lewis. Applicants got a circular letter from the Secretary, explaining that it was proposed to form local companies in each county, and that the taking up to £250 worth of shares would qualify them for Directorships at a salary of £100. "If this appeals to you," wrote Mr. Wilmore, the Secretary, "please fill in the accompanying form"; but "no further particulars can or will be given until the Syndicate are satisfied as to the *bona fides* and suitability of the proposed applicants." We propose to give a few particulars without stopping to ask for permission. The Companies run by Messrs. Lewis and Wilmore—there are a dozen of them operating from the Chancery Lane address—are mostly of the lath-and-plaster variety. Among these groggy concerns we notice the British and Canadian Real Estates Syndicate, which proposes to undertake the business of "capitalists and financiers" on a capital of £500; while in the case of the British Farmers' Contract Corporation, the Middlesex Farmers' Contract Company, and the Farmers' Contract Syndicate, Ltd., no shares whatever have yet been allotted. No wonder Mr. Wilmore is shy of giving particulars.

"BLESSED BE THE"—HUNS.

FISH FOR GERMANS BUT NONE FOR BRITONS.

Say what we please about the Germans—revile them as we will, with all their faults we love them still. Of course we do, bless 'em! At the Hun P.O.W. Camp at Raasay Island, Inverness-shire, the local fishermen are officially encouraged to sell their catch to the prisoners in preference to the local population. They are allowed to take their fish to Camp, where it is bought by the authorities and re-sold to the Huns. The people scarcely get a chance to buy a fish-head, as the catch is all sold before they are out of bed. They are fobbed off, on complaint, that the fish is sold for the benefit of the Red Cross—which, in the minds of our informants, passeth all understanding. A few days ago thousands of prisoners—Britishers—were sent out of Germahun war camps to their deliverance sixty miles away, through ice-clad country, without a bite of food, and with hardly a rag to their shivering, famished, emaciated bodies. Oh, for a Government which would send these Huns in our hands back on the long, long trail to their native inferno as our poor lads are being returned to the Homeland for which they have fought, and bled, and suffered agonies of mind and body!

AN AMAZING E

Still Muzzling Tommy—The Case of the Silver B

By THE

NEXT week I shall issue a Manifesto of my own to the Electors of the United Kingdom—placing before them what I consider are the true issues of the General Election, and indicating the tests which, in my view, should be applied to parliamentary candidates. I shall, at the same time, announce my own position, and intentions. To day I want to beseech the Prime Minister to clear the air of the present vagueness and uncertainty which his speeches and his manifestoes have left in the public mind. I am writing with a thousand letters —selected at random from my letter bag—before me. I wish Mr. Lloyd George could find time to read them—it would be a change from all the camouflaged correspondence, resolutions and addresses which are his present mental pabulum. They are from every section of the community and from every part of the Kingdom —and from the boys in France and Egypt and on the seas. And some of them are from "Official Coalition Candidates"—and many of them are from women voters. What do they say? I will endeavour to tell you.

Muzzling Tommy.

I put that first, because, as I have so often said, it would be nothing short of a crime to deny to those who have won the war (and really it *was* the sailors and the soldiers who did it!) a voice in the terms of Peace. Well, the feeling is very strong, both at home and abroad. By degrees, the War Office is modifying those old and musty Regulations which deprive the soldier, during an election, of his rights of citizenship. He may now, by the grace of Lord Milner, attend a meeting in uniform, and even ask a question—but that is all! He must not move a resolution or an amendment, nor tell the audience of the Hun outrages he has witnessed, or of the glorious deeds of heroism and sacrifice of Britain's boys. If he wishes to do any of these things, he must obtain permission to get into mufti—and then spend a few pounds in the purchase of a suit which will fit him, after perhaps four years of fighting! The wrong—the cruelty—of it! I beg the Prime Minister to remedy this scandal. When he was War Minister he rode, to his everlasting credit, rough shod over the red-tape traditions of the Department; let him do so once more. But if Tommy at home is dissatisfied, what shall be said of him abroad? Arrangements have been made, you say, to enable him to record his vote? Don't believe it. This Absent Voters' List and Proxy business is a screaming farce—or, rather, a ghastly tragedy. As regards the distant electors, who are to vote by Proxy? First of all, the Forms and formalities are such that no ordinary soldier could possibly understand them; and, secondly, there are thousands of men so far away that their voting papers cannot possibly be received in time for the counting. *I challenge the Government to give the figures showing* (1) *how many forms have been sent out, and* (2) *how many have been returned.* The soldiers are just throwing them away in disgust. But what about those Lists of Absent Voters—that is to say, soldier and sailor electors in the nearer theatres of war—who are to have the Candidates' Addresses and the Voting Papers sent to them by post? Never was there such a political fraud. I say deliberately that not half the letters will ever be delivered—and not a quarter of them will ever be returned. And the Government is asking for a Mandate! Here is a letter from one of the most experienced Election Agents in the country:—

> I enclose herewith a few specimens of addresses (so-called) taken from the Absent Voters' List for a London constituency. What I have written is *all* that appears against those names. There are many others in which the address is as vague, and to post anything to these men will be merely a waste of time and money. In very few instances is the location of the unit given, and unless the essential particulars are written on the envelope I can see quite 90 per cent. of the letters coming back—if they are not destroyed—after a lapse of about six weeks, because it will be impossible for the postal authorities to deliver them. They will simply mark them "Insufficiently addressed." Apparently it is not intended that any candidate shall have the opportunity of sending his Election Address to "Tommy," and I am just wondering whether any "Tommy," abroad on polling day, will even know who the candidates are for his own particular constituency.
>
> Since writing the above I have been to the Town Hall, where I learned that alterations to the Absent Voters' List are being daily received from the Records Office. Four or five persons were engaged in copying the revised addresses. Alterations will be made in the list up to two days before Nomination Day!
>
> The printing of the Absent Voters' List appears to have been a waste of public money, as it is useless for postal purposes.

Here are a few samples of the *sole* particulars opposite the soldiers' names on the Register—as to where the candidates' Addresses are to be posted:—

R.N.A.F.	*Labour Battn.*	*Army, Lincolnshire.*
Telegr. Instrmt. Maker.	*R.A.S.*	*Shipbuilding.*
Garrison Guard.	*Army, France.*	*R.A.M.C.*
R. D. Fus.	*Army. In Egypt.*	*A.P.C.*
R.D.C.	*Ships Writer.*	*Army.*
E. E. F.	*Canadian Forces.*	*Navy.*
Rfn.	*Pilot R.A.F.*	*Baker, Cable Ship.*
Canadian Army.	*Middlesex.*	*R.E.*
Tank Corps.	*Stkr., H.M.S.*	*Navy, Submarines.*

Doesn't it almost look as though somebody is in a great hurry to get an election?

The Case of the Ex-Soldier.

And the freedom for Tommy in khaki must be followed by giving the *ex*-soldier liberty in personal matters. Here is a letter from the Comrades of the Great War to the Army Council, dated September 21st, 1918:—"I have the honour to enquire whether the Council would review the cases of Lieutenant and Quartermaster Edward Baston, late of the 1/7 Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and Lieut.-Quartermaster John Henry Armstrong, late of the South Stafford Regiment. It is felt that by so doing a very favourable impression would be created, and ground would no longer exist for these officers to think that their cases had been prejudiced." And here is the reply—dated, it should be noted, October 14th:—

> SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 21st ultimo regarding Quartermasters and Lieutenants E. Baston and J. H. Armstrong, I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that it is not the custom of this Department to deal with such matters as are referred to through the medium of a third party. It is, therefore, regretted that, whilst appreciating the intention of your Society, the Council are unable to discuss the cases in question with you.—
> Your obedient Servant, B. B. CUBITT.

Now I am not for the moment concerned with the details of these particular cases, although that of Armstrong has been dealt with in JOHN BULL. What I am concerned about is the attitude of the Army Council towards even ex-Service men, who feel they have been unfairly treated. Once more I declare that old Army Regulations and musty red-tape cannot be permitted to stand in the way of justice to men of the Citizen Army. It is preposterous that the War Office should decline to allow an ex-soldier to plead his cause through a reputable society such as the Comrades, or the Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers. The sooner good common-sense dictates the methods of the Army Council the better. It is, I repeat, ridiculous to try to impose upon men who have been soldiers only because they were first and foremost patriots, disabilities which no self-respecting citizen would submit to. Both in the matter of freedom at the coming Election and in the right to benefit by the services of the Silver Badgers' Societies they have joined, soldiers in the one case and ex-soldiers in the other will not tolerate these muzzling, crippling War Office methods.

Those Interned Aliens.

To come to another matter, upon which beyond doubt the public mind is greatly agitated, I ask the Prime Minister to state his policy in regard to the enemy aliens at present interned in this country. Is it his intention to let them loose upon the community, or to pack them back to Germany? Some of the letters received by me upon this subject ought to be read at every public meeting. What do

ELECTION FRAUD.

Bilger—Those Interned Aliens—The Kaiser's Fate.

HE EDITOR.

you think the men will say if, on returning from the war, they find their businesses and situations being filched from them by these Huns again in our midst? Why, however, is the Prime Minister so silent on the subject? Is it that social and other influences are at work for the benefit of the wealthy and "well-connected" amongst the interned? And remember, too, that many of the humbler lot whilst in camp have been hoarding up a nice bit of money by working at Trade Union rates of wages—with a war bonus thrown in! Are these men to be set free to start little businesses all over the country and get them into nice working order before our own men return? The public insists upon answers to these questions—and straightforward, definite answers. Observe how the politicians are fencing with the problem. Interviewed the other day, Mr. H. Brodrick, the Secretary of the Aliens' Advisory Committee, said: "The future of the aliens in this country must now largely rest upon public opinion." I pause there, and take him at his word. How, then, can public opinion be better ascertained than through the medium of the pending election? Let the Prime Minister, therefore, make this one of the issues; or will he sanction the callous indifference of Mr. Brodrick—who, speaking of the Germans who have already left or been sent away from this country, says: "No doubt a good many will wish to return here and recommence business, and if the public has no objection that will probably happen." Was ever official cynicism carried further? "If the public has no objection"! Let the public be asked on December 14th—and who shall doubt the answer?

Germany Must Pay the Bill.

Why are the Coalition leaders silent on *this* point? Is it that the international financiers have got hold of them and frightened them into the belief that the imposition of a big War Indemnity upon Germany would cause her to repudiate her outstanding obligations in foreign countries? I think that will be found to be the true explanation. Well, as I have frequently said, I am no revolutionary—but I tell the returning soldiers plainly that if they will consent to be taxed to the teeth for the sake of saving the pockets of either the German people or these international financiers and foreign investors, they will deserve all that they will suffer. Remember what Britain would have had to pay had Germany been triumphant—£9,000,000,000 was the figure announced in the Reichstag months ago—and no doubt a similar levy would have been made upon France and, to a smaller extent, upon Italy; I hesitate to speculate what would have been asked of America. I have already pointed out that in one way and another *our* bill comes to £10,000,000,000, and if our representatives at the Peace Conference do not produce it and insist upon payment, they ought to be impeached for high treason. As one of my correspondents concisely puts it—we are not out so much for damages as for costs! The legal maxim is that "costs follow the event"—that is to say, that the winning side gets them as a matter of course unless specially deprived of them by the Judge. I understand that, for occult reasons, the Lord Chief Justice is to be one of the Peace delegates, and I appeal to him, as head of the King's Bench Division, to make no such Order. I fear, however, that the majority of the Court will be against him. For instance, I do not like this phrase in the Coalition Manifesto: "We must endeavour to reduce the War Debt in such a manner as may inflict the least injury to industry and credit." *That* does not look like an Indemnity, does it? Why *should* our industry and credit be injured? The enemy countries, whatever may be their future form of government, have an adult population of at least a hundred millions, and surely a payment of a few pounds per head per annum could easily be extracted by means of either direct or indirect taxation. That, at any rate, would pay the interest on all our War Stock—whilst there is plenty of solid property upon which capital levies could be made. So come, Mr. Prime Minister, tell us plainly whether, when you approach the "task of concluding a just and lasting peace," you will make a War Indemnity its first condition!

The Kaiser's Fate.

And here is yet another point upon which the electorate awaits a lead. The women are emphatic upon it—especially those who have lost sons, brothers or husbands in the war. Says one: "I shall never rest my head on my pillow again if, when peace is arranged, the brute who murdered my dear boy and his father is allowed to escape scot free." And that letter is typical of hundreds I have received. What *is* happening about the Kaiser? I was the first to intimate that his "abdication"—like the German "revolution"—is all bluff. I have also indicated the manner in which, under the existing law, his surrender by Holland may be demanded. "By Holland"! Why are we so particular about the susceptibilities of these Dutchmen? They have made fortunes out of the war, and we have been far too tender in our relations with them in the past. Why on earth don't the Allies send a Note to the Hague or Amsterdam, to the effect that a military and naval escort is about to be despatched to take charge of one William Hohenzollern, late King of Prussia, and bring him to either Paris or London for trial by an International Court for instigating, condoning, and conniving at breaches of the law of nations and outrages against humanity? Failing that, let our own Foreign Secretary demand the man's extradition on the warrant of one of those Coroners whose juries have already returned verdicts of Wilful Murder against him. Can the Prime Minister deny that this would be an essential condition of a "just and lasting peace," and the establishment of "the foundations of a new Europe"?

Wanted, a Second Manifesto.

Let us, therefore, have a second Manifesto, signed by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law, making the position of the Government clear upon these matters and declaring them to be real and living issues at the Election. In other words, let them ask for a mandate to go to the Peace Conference and insist in the name of Britain that they shall be part, at any rate, of *our* terms of settlement. And whilst they are about it, they might clear up one or two vague phrases in the existing Manifesto. In angling for the votes of every section of the community, I am afriad they have got themselves into somewhat of a mess. What, for instance, does this mean: "It will be the duty of the new Government to remove all existing inequalities of the law as between men and women"? Does it mean that a new Act is to be introduced making all women of 21 years of age eligible for the parliamentary franchise? Does it mean that the Divorce Laws will be made uniform as between the sexes? Does it mean that women are to be liable for combatant military service? Does it mean that they are to sit on juries and on the Bench, and practice at the Bar? Does it mean that they are to have seats in the House of Lords, as well as in the Commons? And so I could go on. But let us take something else. What is meant by that reference to "the experience which during the war we have gained in regard to the traffic in drink"? Do Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law propose to continue in such a way as to render public-houses veritable bear gardens? Or—and do not be *too* surprised if the answer should be in the affirmative—do they want the "Temperance Vote" for gradual Prohibition? If so, I tell them that that is not the kind of England for which our men have fought, and that they who endeavour to foist such a new character upon Blighty must not be astonished if they speedily become known by a word which will concisely describe the inhabitants of that country. And what is this nonsense about having a Second Chamber "which will be based upon *contact* with the people, and will, therefore, be *representative enough* adequately to perform its functions"? "Contact with the people"! Are dukes and dustmen, lords and labourers, to sit side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in the new Senate? And surely we shall hear much in the future about that delicious phrase "representative enough." How Mr. Asquith will play with it! "Wait and see," like "terminological inexactitudes," will disappear in the limbo of parliamentary epigrams, and "representative enough" will be the new Gospel of Democracy! It really *does* begin to look as though it might have been better if both politicians and people had taken a little longer time to think things out!

AN ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

Beneathe
Thys cairn of skulls
Of babes and women, maydes and menne
Whoo dyed
Tee glutte hys lust for
SLAUGHTER,
Lyeth
(As ever was hys wont)
WILHELM,
Erstwhyle called
Ye Kaiser.
Whenne in ye hay-day of hys
Power and Pryde
Hee made Hell shudder wyth hys blasphemies;
Prycked on bye ye Furies
Hee tryed,
Lyke ye toad in ye fable,
Toe blow hymselfe out until hee was bigger than
JOHN BULL.
Butte,
Overestimatynge ye toughness of hys Hunnish hide
HEE BUSTED
And,
Wyth hys loathsome and deflated skinne,
Slunk intoe Holland,
Where for a whyle hee lay.
Butte
Ye Spirits of ye Dead
Whom
Through ye instrumentalitie of hys vile emifsaries
Hee hadde murdered,
Cryinge toe High Heaven for vengeance,
Moved ye Allies toe demand hys
SURRENDER,
Wherebye hee myght bee brought toe
JUDGMENT.
Wyth ye abject cowardice of ye beaten bullie
Hee squealed,
Makynge ye air of Holland hideous
Wyth hys cries.
Hee whoo through four awfull yeares
Hadde traded in deathe
In formes soe fryghtfull thatt they must have been
Inspyred bye ye Devil hymselfe,
Now trembled for hys lyfe.
Hys fiste, wherewyth hee hadde declared
Thatte hee would grasp ye Trident,
Shooke wyth ye palsie of fear.
Inne shorte
Hee became a thynge of scorne
Butte notte of pitie.
Nemesis trodde atte hys heels.
Toe hardened for remorse, toe callous for regrets,
Hee sought onlie toe secure ye safetie
Of hys vile carcase,
Ye whyche, however, was notte vouchsafed
untoe hym.
Hee was seized,
Brought toe ye awful bar of Judgment
And condemned
(As was hys due)
To dye.
Ye manere of hys death
Fell shorte of his deserts,
Since it was beyond ye witt of manne
Toe devyse for hym a punishmente toe fitte
Hys crymes.

Here rolleth Wilhelm, of all Kynges ye worst,
Bye whom ye sufferynge World toe long was curst;
Hys boanes bee here. His soul—where? None can tell:
Ye sickened Devil spewed itt out of Hell!

HAVE WE BROKEN THE GERMAN NAVY?

Cecil

THE FAMOUS EXPERT WRITES ON THIS MOMENTOUS QUESTION IN NEXT SUNDAY'S

National News

ORDER IT TODAY

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ANOTHER PENSIONS SCANDAL.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER WAITS AND STARVES

Another inexplicable case of neglect by the Pensions Ministry is reported from Fulham, the victim being the widowed mother of a gallant lad killed in action as long ago as April, 1917. The widow's claim to a pension is incontestable, as, prior to his enlistment, her son was her sole support, and during his time in the Army she received his separation allowance and allotment of pay. Yet we find that this poor woman has been kept for eighteen months without a penny of pension, and even now, as far as we can see, she is as far off as ever from a proper settlement. Meanwhile, from other causes her position is a pitiable one. At 65 years of age, she has become a chronic invalid, unable to work or assist in any way towards her own maintenance; consequently, her sole income, from which 3s. weekly for rent has to be deducted, is 5s. a week disablement benefit from National Insurance and an occasional allowance from another son, so irregularly and reluctantly paid that the mother has had to apply to the Guardians for relief. These distressing circumstances are within the knowledge of the Local Pensions Committee, yet for some hidden reason postponement has followed postponement, until the poor old soul has begun to despair of ever getting her rights. "If my poor boy was alive," she writes, "he would not see me in this position. I suppose I shall get my pension some day, but while I am waiting, I am starving." If this piteous appeal does not go to the stony heart of officialdom, nothing will. We can only add that after a full examination of the case, with the available papers, we see no reason why the claim should not have been settled, and this deserving mother placed beyond the reach of penury by the award of a pension, at least twelve months ago.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—
"Broomhill was a wave of colour, and from WINDOWS and ROOFS nursemaids promenaded with little Union Jacks floating from the baby carriages."

"EVENING NEWS":—
"'Those are the biggest aeroplanes in the world, said Mr. Handley Page . . . . ' and now I'll show you a BIGGER.'"

"NORTH MAIL":—
"North Shields was notified that the Armistice had been SIGNED BY THE FISHING VESSELS."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—
"Officers who dared not leave by aeroplane owing to bad weather were FLYING IN MOTOR CARS."

"SOMERSET GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—
"Reliable man wanted for the BREAKING and repairing of Gramophones."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"Many small boys created great effect with costumes made of COLOURED CHILDREN'S rag books."

"CUMBERLAND NEWS":—
"A showman on the sands was charged with neglecting a girl, aged 13, of whom he was the GRANDSON."

"LYNN NEWS":—
"Within a few minutes of the news (of the Armistice) reaching Watlington Post Office the whole village came out with RED, WHITE AND BLUE SPOTS."

"BUCKS ADVERTISER":—
Mr. —— underwent an operation on Thursday. . . It was a TOP-HOLE ENTERTAINMENT."

"SUSSEX COUNTY HERALD":—
"60 pigs were allocated to various butchers . . . a garden in London Road had a row between two trees. The effect was charming."

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Demobilisation:—The work of demobilisation must be slow, but we feel sure that the boys will appreciate the necessity for this. If every man entitled by the terms of his contract to return to civil life were released now, we should have millions of out-of-works, with no money and no immediate prospects. Carry on, Tommy, old boy! By doing so, you will be serving both yourself and the Empire.

No Rejoicing:—Our mail bag reveals hundreds of letters from lads in various units—north, south, east and west—telling us that when the maroons went off notifying the Armistice, they showed their feelings in the usual manner, and were "crimed" by their Commanding Officers. After all, the boys had their shout; and it is a salmon to a sprat that the O.C.s' livers were not quite right. They have had highly-paid and cushy jobs, and now their occupations are going, going——!

Angels of Mercy:—In connection with the same matter, we have proof that poor wounded men who displayed small Union Jacks in their wards were given little Hell by their C.O.s and matrons. We should liked to have shared the general opinion held by the uninitiated public that all ladies in charge of hospitals are angels of mercy, but unfortunately we have too much proof that some of them are vicious cats, who should never have been allowed to shove their noses into a wounded soldiers' ward.

Hidden Away:—Here we have a letter signed by nearly one hundred wounded men, sent back from the Front on beggarman's allowance. They have read of the scheme to aid munitions people who made huge money, and who, because they were not thrifty, are now to be placed on pension. A soldier who has risked his life and lost his arm is given 13s. 9d. a week. A mule munitioner who earned a salary somewhat smaller than a Cabinet Minister's, is given 24s. a week. It may be necessary to boost up the civilian and save a revolution, but the soldier and the sailor, and their dependents, are naturally on their hind legs. Certainly our six million men will have something to say about this when they come home.

Is this Haldane?:—We are asked if there is any truth in the rumour that the Government proposes to abolish the Territorials. We have seen no Order to that effect, but if an attempt is made there will be the Devil's own trouble. Lord French, after an inspection, remarked that the Territorials were the finest body of men he had ever seen, whilst the late Lord Roberts and others added to that testimony.

"Raise His Bones":—A dead soldier, with the Military Medal and one bar, was granted the privilege of a military funeral in the South of London. The arrangements consisted of a motor-lorry, a dirty Union Jack, a sergeant and six men. Some of the latter wore putties, and others slacks or trousers, and it was perfectly evident that if the funeral party had paraded before their C.O. they would have been "crimed" for their slovenly appearance. The Germans who die here are given a better show.

That Decoration:—The determination of the authorities to grant decorations up to the end of December, 1914, has created a tremendous lot of dissatisfaction, the Mons Star men kicking against their other fellows having the special ribbon. We put it to the War Office mandarins that the whole thing could be settled by giving the men who served from November to the end of December a red, white and blue ribbon, with horizontal stripes, not watered silk, and letting the other chaps enjoy the ribbon now awarded to them.

"JACK."

Come Along, Boys:—The Secretary of the Zeebrugge Canteen Fund, at 22, East Cliff, Dover, asks us to tell ex-seamen or marines disabled in the Zeebrugge affairs and all the earlier Ostend operations since April last, to communicate with him, giving their names, ratings, full particulars of disablement sustained, and present addresses. He has a little money for their benefit.

No Time Like the Present:—Now that the war is virtually over, Jack wants to know what is to be done with regard to his prize money, and leave. This is the time when those who have the cash in hand should shell out at once. The men want it, and if they do not get it we are afraid there will be much trouble. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Badge Candidates:—We have been asked to support the Candidatures of the ex-soldiers at the coming Elections and we shall certainly do so to the best of our ability wherever we see the faintest hope of success. Needless to say, our sympathy and good wishes are with them—and we wish it were possible to attend their meetings.

A Word to Lord Milner:—We direct the special attention of the Secretary for War to the shameful state of things disclosed in our leading article this week, in regard to the right of an ex-soldier to have his grievances brought to the notice of the Authorities by duly-accredited organisations. The Army Council is asking for trouble.

The Royal Dockyard:—We hope that the rumour we hear from H.M. Dockyard at Devonport is not true. It is to the effect that men who served the King at the Front are to be the first to be discharged from their employment, and the maimed and wounded foremost!

"Comrades":—The first Grand Council Meeting of the Comrades of the Great War was held the other day in London. Seven hundred branches were represented by all ranks, including delegates from Ulster and Nationalist Ireland—a happy augury, and the first occasion on which the two sections have worked together.

Still Waiting:—We have many letters from Badgers who desire to open shops, concerning the unconscionable time they are kept waiting for licences, and the not infrequent ultimate refusals of the permits. A watchmaker and jeweller in Lymington applied five weeks ago to the Ministry, and is still waiting. We would warn such bodies that there is an undercurrent of ugly feeling among our organised discharged soldiers, and that it is growing in intensity. The hint should not be lightly regarded.

Damnable:—We have a complaint from Mr. G. E. Francis, a Badger, who after service was reinstated in the employ of the S. E. & C. Railway Company—being given the job of timekeeper. He was taken ill with pleurisy, and notified the Company accordingly. In reply he got a letter stating, "We regret you are unable to return to duty, and I have talked over your case with my Superintendent, and your services are no longer required." We do not admire the grammar of this brutal letter. We hope the directors decide differently now that their attention has been called to the matter.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Widow's Struggle:—The mother of five young children lost her husband quite recently, leaving her without means to support herself and family. She has a soldier son, but the amount she receives on his behalf will not even cover the rent, which was in arrears.

Too Late:—A Tommy arrived home on special leave from France, to see his wife who was seriously ill; he was too late to say the last good-bye. She died uninsured, leaving three children, who had been neglected during her illness. The poor fellow, not being in credit with his regiment, was faced with the problem of meeting expenses.

Another Widower:—A man was in hospital, suffering from war wounds, when he received the news of his wife's death. She was uninsured, and he had not the means to bury her.

To Save the Kiddie:—A soldier's wife is greatly worried by the illness of her baby, whose recovery depends upon special attention and nourishment. The poor woman tells us that she had to pawn her wedding-ring to keep things going, and still found herself in debt for food, firing, etc.

A Distressing Case:—An ex-soldier, with a microscopic pension, has just had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a lengthy illness. Three children are left, and the home is broken up, owing to lack of funds for the care of the youngsters. The man himself is under the doctor, and unable to work—so, we gladly helped the little ones in the way of clothing, etc.

"Down and Out":—An ex-A.S.C. Driver, discharged through nervous breakdown, is awaiting suitable employment, and, in the meantime he, his wife and child are trying to exist on his temporary pension of 10s. 3d. a week. Being an old L.G.O.C. servant, he wishes to regain his licence, which naturally cannot be granted until he is physically fit.

Some Further Cases:—

With three children at home sick, soldier's wife had news of husband's serious wounds. No money for necessaries for the little invalids.

Husband died, after Service. Wife in debt through sickness, etc.

Three children down with the 'flu. Mother cannot work, and rent was owing.

Sailor's wife under doctor, and child also ill. Debts pressed, including doctor's bill.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

Nalis (Hexham), 2s.; "Take It or Leave It," 10s.; J. L. (Eltham), 10s.; P. R., 6d.; Mrs. G. (Gillingham), 1s.; J. [illegible] (Norway), 5s.; E. D., 2s.; E. D. and L. R. (Kilburn), 1s.; E. W. (Sandgate), 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Family," 2s. 6d.; "Guests' Mess, 24," £1 10s.; Mr. B. (Bradford), 9d.; "In Treasured Memory of Baby Helen Pass," 2s. 6d.; W. A. W., 5s.; "Soldier's Wife" (Hornsey), 4s.; Pte. G. G., 1s. 4d.; G. A. T., £10; "Fag," £1; "Disgusted," 1 dollar; Sergt.-Major F. H. W., (Salonica), £2; E. L. D. (Hampton Hill), 10s. 6d.; A. W. D. (Aberdeen), 2s. 6d.; W. B. (Forest Gate), 2s.; L. D., 2s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; D. R. (Highbury), 2s. 6d.; H. A. H., [illegible] C. C., 2s.; "Stranger," 2s. 6d.; "Amateur Boxing" (per [illegible] Carell), £1 5s.; "Richmond," £2; "W.," £1; "Fisherman," 1s. 6d.; J. M. (H.M.S. Glorious), 5s.; A. E. C. (Essex), 2s. 6d.; E. D. P. (Southend), 2s.; C. R. (Leeds), 2s.; "Punch of Kaiser," 10s.; A. G. (Leyton), 5s.; "Mislaid at Mess," 2s. 6d.; Miss S. (Dorset), 1s.; "In Memo., S. M. S.," 2s.; H. M. L., 1s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (Faversham), 5s.; H. A. S. (Brixton), 6d.; J. W. S. (Ilkeston), 5s.; S. R. (Forest Gate), 2s.; L. W., 2s. 6d.; "Prisoner," 2s.; J. D. (Balham), 6d.; J. R. H. (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; "A Scot," 12s. 6d.; A. N. (W. Ealing), 3s. 5d.; W. M. (Sedbergh), [illegible] 5d.; J. W. (Swansea), 2s.; "Barney," 2s. 2d.; P. A. [illegible], 1s. 3d.; W. R. (Edgeley), 2s. 5d.; E. R. (Perth), 9d.; R. F. (Natal), 9d.; B. McI. (Glasgow), 1s.; R. R. (Carlisle), 1s.; B. A. B. (Ilford), 5s.; "In Memory of Archibald [illegible] 5s.; "A Widow's Mite," 6d.; A. C. (Slough), 1s.; "In Memory of G. M." (Mountain Ash), 2s.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

Mrs. M. S. M. (Teignmouth), 2s. 6d.; "Zeus," 1s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

W. W. (Thetford).—Did we threaten to take a crowd demanding removal of German flag flying over Bucking'am Palace? No, and it didn't fly there, so that napoos your dispute.

E. R. C. (Handsworth).—"What a splendid 'fatuous optimist'"! Meaning us? Thanks.

MRS. E. J. H. (Camberwell).—The workroom manager who made women take down flags and doff ribbons on Armistice Day does not deserve a life of peace.

"CONSTANT READER" (Brighton).—Want the new star to be called the "Stare of Peas"? That might hurt its feelings. It is rude to stare.

A. C. (Northwich).—All the British prisoners are coming home, and we hope to see all Huns sent back—barring those we intend to hang.

MISS E. (S. Croydon).—"Thanks to the Navy, the Armies have been able to do what they have." We know. Dora has kept it out of the papers, that's all.

"CALEDONIA" (Falkirk).—Letters like yours give us a funny feeling about the eyes. Thank you.

W. H. D. (Clapham).—"God bless our sailors and soldiers, men as well as women." Amen to that.

"STRICTLY PRIVATE" (Carlisle) is some appreciator. He wants our permission to start a tour through the country to raise us a presentation fund of £50,000. We shall have to consider whether we can really do with the money.

"THE BOOKSELLER'S LABOURER" (Chester).—Our cover, August 4th, 1917, placarded:—"German Revolution Certain." Hence your pretty poem:—"If by JOHN BULL billed, Sure to be fulfilled." The Laureate has done no better.

M. W. (Chelsea).—A gentleman you know "drank two bottles of whisky after his dinner," and afterwards "paid 20s. for 12 strawberries." Probably he was just testing his stomach for the *real* Peace celebrations.

"JACK TAR" (Holyhead).—To the best of our belief, all Government schemes for the assistance of men demobilised apply equally to the Army and Navy. If not, there'll be a noise our end.

"MOTHER OF A PRISONER" (Dalton-in-Furness).—Thank God, our brave lads are free at last. Now for the punishment of their vile torturers!

PRIVATE R. (Queenstown). — "Your speech the other day was very good." Thanks so much. Be sure to let us know if ever we fail to please you.

MAUD A. F. (Brighton) suggests that "Conchies" and all others who have not done their bit in the war should be debarred employment in peace.

A. H. (W. Hartlepool).—"Kaiser Bill he's had his fill Of lust and blood and slaughter, And if he isn't hung just yet, Then certainly he oughter." Your version, improved.

MARY H. C. (Brighton).—"Can you tell me why the Government should penalise 30,000,000 temperate people because perhaps 1,000,000 sometimes take a drop too much?" No; neither can the Government.

"FIXED UP" (Aberdeen). — "Holy Willie and his clan are booked for a new abode." Quite so. At the time of writing, they have booked to Holland.

G. N. (London, W.).—Your cartoon of "Nemesis" to hand. Why draw the avenging female as if she has the staggers?

"'JOHN BULL' READER" (Birkdale).—So you "would like to see a little bit in the paper, to see if we really read" your letter. Many other soldiers' wives have written about the Leeds "visitor" who libelled them, and we read all and miss nothing that comes from the brave women who carry on.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Burton-on-Trent). — "They say that before a candidate can put up he has to place an amount of cash down, and if he fails to secure a certain percentage of votes, he loses that cash." It's gospel truth, too. The precise amount is £150.

F. G. C. (Chelsea).—So you have worked out the problems of war and peace from the Book of Revelation. Now run through it backwards to make sure you haven't dropped a stitch.

A. R. (Wandsworth Road, S.W.).—Your poem has warmed our bosom. Another like it and we discard our chest-protector.

R. A. G. (Glasgow).—Looks like a mistake to forward us a message intended for Mr. Arthur Henderson. Let's hope you haven't sent him any sweet nothings meant for us.

E. W. W. (Hornsey).—Evidently your attempt at humour has cost you a big effort. Get a doctor to make sure you haven't dislodged your spinal cord.

"CONSTANT READER" (Cardiff). — "What nationality is Admiral Sir David Beatty?" Born at Boredale, County Wexford. No fault of his or of ours that he isn't a Welshman.

J. G. C. (Dudley).—"May I beg to differ?" You may; but by so doing you will inevitably put yourself in the soup.

M. L. S. (Farnham).—The *Observer* headed a case of six months for a Monmouth miner who threw boiling water over his wife as "Making an Example." Example of what?

P. L. L. (Rochdale).—"I wish you would write me a few good points on Unity, so that I may express them at our meeting." Can't you find in our weekly writings points enough for any meeting, even a Mothers'?

"THE HIDDEN HAND."—"If you want me wire for me, otherwise I am not coming to be murdered." We do not want you for that purpose or any other.

D. M. (Holloway).—"Some manufacturers of long-standing are even now charging only 1s. 9d. a pound for assorted chocolates." Lead the ladies to 'em.

"READER" (London).—"Your paper is the only one regularly bought. The men swear by it." Delighted to know they don't swear at it.

E. A. W. (Church End).—There is no royal road to "earn money by writing." Write and burn, burn and write, till you get there; that's the only road we know.

"HALF-A-PINT" (London). — "Down with D'Abernon!" Our sentiments precisely. He has been too uppish.

J. B. (Brighton).—Improved: "I am the King the Huns all trusted, And now I'm down, and out, and busted."

W. T. K. (Cork).—Regarding our account of a discharged Australian soldier refused a bed at a Salvation Army hostel at King's Cross, the S.A. admit the facts, but state they acted according to the Military Authorities. The facts remain deplorable.

C. G. S. (Waterloo, S.E.).—We note that you are able to give General Smuts a good character. Now perhaps he'll be able to eat his food.

W. P. (Sheerness).—"The last verse is my own composition." If all the same to you, we should have preferred a pot of home-made jam.

"BASHFUL" (Barry).—If, as you say, you are too shy to open out directly to the strange girl you fancy, a useful preliminary advance would be to tread on her foot and apologise.

J. G. C (Hampstead).—So you regard the Herr Macdonald as "Auld Scotia's greatest outcast." Say "lowest," and we'll click.

T. C. (Hove).—*Daily Mail:* "The attacked Boche swung its 7.7 mm. field gun into action, and began to blaze fitfully at . . ." It would; with 7-20th inch calibre!

E. L. (Hythe).—"Thousands of people only know the chorus of 'Rule, Britannia'!" And thousands don't know the chorus properly; they sing, "Britannia *rules* the Waves." The poet wrote "*rule*."

V. H. K. (Nottingham).—"I expect you will treat the above as the ramblings of a lunatic." Why should we disappoint you?

CPL. E. L. N. (Summerdown).—"To settle an argument. A man looking at a photograph; Brothers and sisters have I none——"! Yes, and we thought that man was dead as well.

DR. J. C. (R.H.A. B.E.F.), PTE. W. E. D. (I. Regt., B.E.F.), and MANY OTHERS.—Thanks for German papers and cuttings. The Hun has not a laugh in him now. It takes him all his time to squeal.

"LIEUTENANT" (Tannery). — And "Cheerio" to you! If Britain to herself do rest but true, we shall have the Hun down under in peace as in war.

"BRITANNIA" (Bayswater).—"Am I right in asserting that the finance of the world is in the hands of the Jews?" No; it only seems so when you want to borrow a bit.

A. T. (Nottingham).—If the recently deceased gentleman was the author of the Book of Habakkuk, "published in 1811," he must have died a long time born, that's all we can say.

G. H. (Barnet).—Glad you appreciate the JOHN BULL Pen. Yes, as you will see from the coupon below, you can still get another for your friend at a special reduction.

"SCOTO-CANADIAN" (Saskatchewan).—"The people who refuse passports should tie crape round their ears; their brains are dead." Never mind, your intended bride will soon be able to sail.

"TAXI-DRIVER" (Broughton).—The fact that the wind blew out your lamp does not absolve you from the legal penalty.

MRS. J. T. (Middleton) became so absorbed in a recent issue of JOHN BULL that she let her bread burn in the oven. Reminds us of King Alfred.

A. C. (Streatham).—Don't worry about the boy who has joined the Royal Marines, even if it is for 12 years. For the future, there will be no more honourable vocation.

A. H. D. (Parkstone).—The "Treacle" Bible was Beck's edition of 1549, in which the word "balm" was rendered "treacle." Haven't time to look up what treacle was in those days; in these, you can't get it.

G. W. S. (Tufnell Park).—What do you mean—buying a business to carry on for the Red Cross and can't get stock? Come along with an interpreter.

DAVY STEPHENS (Kingstown).—Thanks, and may you also be "long spared to carry on your good work." Passengers from Ireland cannot do without Davy.

L. M. W. (Scarborough).—You "hope you did right" in sticking up for us? Lady, you can bank on it.

B. C. (Leeds).—"Fourteen o'clock" is quite correct; it is a way of reckoning they have in the Army and on the Continent, and means the 14th hour from midnight, *i.e.*, 2 p.m.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (Lange Voorhout).—Quite right. This is a lovely country for Hun prisoners. You'll be back soon, we hope.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR XMAS GIFT.

For this week only we reprint the "J.B." PEN XMAS GIFT COUPON

VALUE 1/-

SEND AT ONCE

to ensure delivery in good time—

The Manager,
"J.B." Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

No. 1.	Standard Model	Price 3/-
	with Gift Coupon	" 2/-
No. 2.	D.L. (De Luxe) Model	" 4/-
	with Gift Coupon	" 3/-
No. 3.	Presentation Model	" 5/6
	with Gift Coupon	" 4/6
No. 4.	Safety Model	" 5/6
	with Gift Coupon	" 4/6
No. 5.	Self-Filling Model	" 6/6
	with Gift Coupon	" 5/6
No. 6.	Stylo	" 3/6
	with Gift Coupon	" 2/6

Postage and Insurance 3d. each extra.
State whether fine, medium or broad nib is required

BY USING this GIFT COUPON you may deduct **1/-** from the price of any of these PENS.

A 9618 — 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. — Xmas, 1918

This Coupon *entitles the holder to a "John Bull" Pen at the special rates set out below and is equivalent in value to* **One Shilling.**

Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen, and is available to December 31st, 1918

£0-1-0.

Signed, The Manager

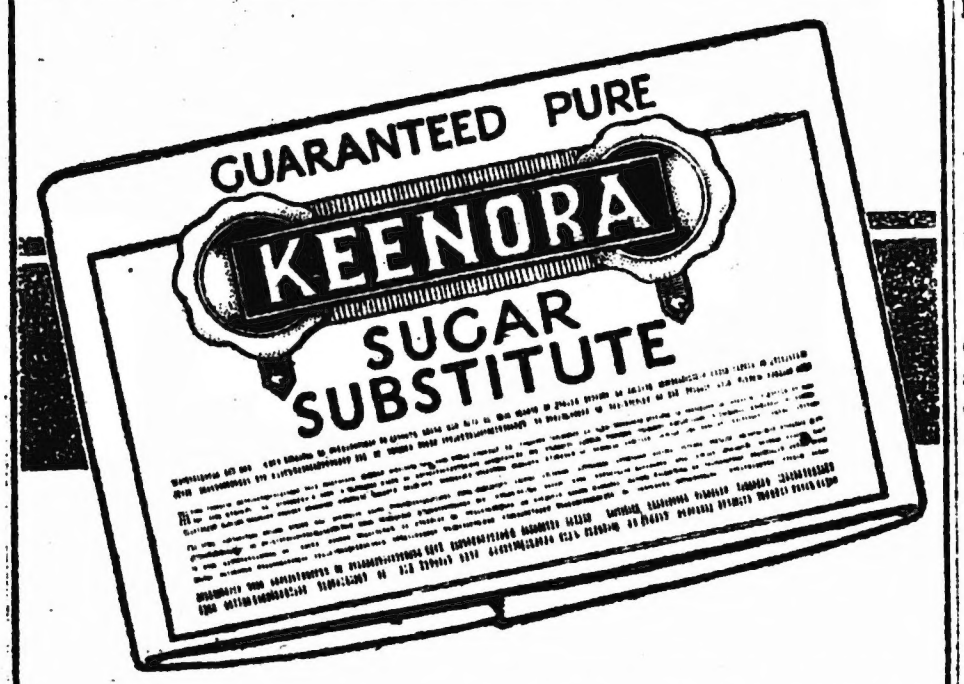
The First Song Written since the Signing of the Armistice.

THERE'S A TRAMPING ON THE HIGHWAY

THE MOST PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF RECENT YEARS,
: : SUNG BY ALL : :
THE LEADING VOCALISTS.

There's a tramp tramp tramp upon the highway.
There's the sound of music drawing near,
There's a vacant chair—that's waiting there.
For the one that we love so dear.
There's a song that everybody's singing
As the boys come sailing o'er the foam,
Peace at last, the dark night past,
That's the song that will lead them Home.

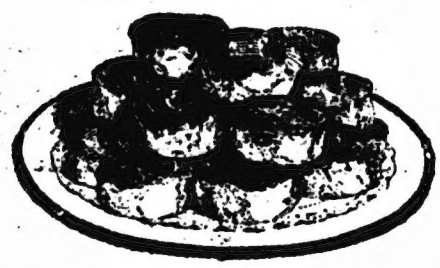
Published in D, Eb, F, and G. Buy a copy to-day, 2/-, or 2/1 post free of
THE LAWRENCE WRIGHT MUSIC CO.,
8, Denmark Street (Charing Cross Road), London, W.C.2



The SWEETEST SUGAR SUBSTITUTE

As a substitute for sugar, **KEENORA Sugar Substitute** is pre-eminent, because

1 It is guaranteed pure.
2 It has no taste but sweetness.
3 It is in powder form and hence easily used in making milk and steam puddings, cakes, scones, and everything requiring sweetness.
4 It is many times sweeter than sugar.
5 It has real food value.



A dish of sweet cakes. Won't the children smile when they see them? You can make plenty more with **KEENORA Sugar Substitute.**

But for safety and economy's sake get the real thing—

KEENORA Sugar Substitute

There is nothing "just like it." Nothing so sweet and delicious.

Get a packet at 6½d. from your grocer. Thus you will make the children happy.

If your grocer has not got it send us 6½d. and we will post direct to you, But also send your grocer's name and address.

MORRIS & JONES, LTD., Whitechapel, Liverpool.

MORE "SWAN" PENS

are made and sold to-day than ever before — yet dealer's stocks are small.

THIS IS the natural consequence of the enormously increased demand, both at home, for the Forces, and for export.

DEALERS' supplies are rationed. Those who have for years sold "SWAN" Pens largely and regularly, now naturally receive the more frequent supplies.

Go to the shops where "Swan" Pens are shown in the windows and insist on a "Swan."

The only fountain pen sold at pre-war prices.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Illustrated Catalogue free. *Of all Stationers and Jewellers*

At pre-war prices from 10/6

MABIE TODD & Co. LTD. London, Manchester, Paris, Zurich, Sydney.

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Common Sense Home Cure.

Readers of "John Bull" are strongly recommended to send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home most cases of Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Bronchitis, and Asthma.

The book and full particulars, describing one of Sir Hiram's most wonderful discoveries, will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address.

Thousands of sufferers have already cured their ailments by following the advice given. Send no money. Simply write to the Sole Licensees,

JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

FREE BOOK OF AMAZING BARGAINS
FREE TO YOU!
Send a postcard to H. SAMUEL NOW and receive his Free Book of Jewellery, Watches, and Plate, illustrating thousands of bargains offered at money-saving next to FACTORY PRICES.
25/-
£5
£8
Write to-day!
Beautifully cut Diamonds in hall-marked Gold. 25/-
See the Free Book for list of 77 branches.
H. SAMUEL 100 MARKET ST., Manchester.
H. SAMUEL, LTD.

BLANKETS, RUGS, ETC.

THE WITNEY BLANKET CO.'S

Great Sale Offer.

Big reductions in Coloured Blankets, Rugs, and other Woollens, amounting in some instances to 25 per cent. reduction.

This well-known firm—The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd.—has specialised for upwards of 30 years in supplying the public

DIRECT FROM WITNEY.

Apply at once for the Portfolio of Patterns, which will be sent you **Carriage Paid.** Make your selection at these big reductions while stocks last. With the return of our brave soldiers, a great demand in every home for blankets and woollens is anticipated.

Address:

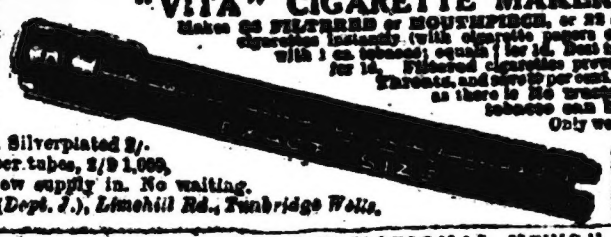
THE **WITNEY BLANKET Co., Ltd.**

(Dept. 30), "BUTTER CROSS" WORKS,
WITNEY (Oxfordshire).

BEST GIFT for the TROOPS.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 96 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 32 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 1 for 1d. Best tobacco, 1 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent tooth, throats, and nerve 90 per cent. tobacco, as there is no waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in cigarette case. Lifetime can use it.



Prices: Nickel 1/6. Silverplated 2/-. Sterling Silver, 5s. Paper tubes, 2/9 1,000, 1/6 500. Post free. Now supply in. No waiting.
KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

CHILBLAINS POSITIVELY CURED.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT DRAWS OUT THE ITCHING PAIN AND INFLAMMATION WITH AN EFFECTIVENESS UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHER PREPARATION.

Do not poultice your chilblains. **Grasshopper Ointment** draws out the inflammation as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Just try a box and see if it does not do so in your case. **Grasshopper** is as harmless as it is beneficial. It contains absolutely no injurious substances. May be had from Boots, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Co., and all Chemists and Stores, at 1/3 a box, or direct, post free, from Albert & Co. 73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"THE NATIONAL NEWS."—Britain's Sunday paper with a purpose.

'BULLETS' XMAS BOX

1ST PRIZE £1,000

2ND PRIZE £100

3RD PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

400 PRIZES OF 5/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

7,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—NOT TO BE HAD. Bullet:—CHEAP BEER NOWADAYS. Example:—MINDING THE BABY. Bullet:—SOON BE FATHER'S JOB. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated December 28th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 312.

FRUITS OF VICTORY	PEACE AND GOODWILL	WHAT BRITAIN THINKS	BOTTOMLEY'S AMBITION
LLOYD GEORGE	IN FRANCE NOW	THE BOLSHEVISTS	FIGHTING FOR SEAT
STATE OF GERMANY	HOW TO SPEND CHRISTMAS	DEVIL TO PAY	GETTING TO WORK
KING ALBERT	NOT MY LUCK	CROWNED HEADS	NOT TO BE HAD
D.O.R.A.	HER PHOTOGRAPH	A BAD EGG	WHEN DISCHARGED
AFTER THE WAR	MINDING THE BABY	GERMANY MUST	ON THE SPREE
ELECTION PROMISES	SHUT UP	A GOOD OCCUPATION	MEN OF WAR
THE NEXT GOVERNMENT	WE ALL WANT	TO MY'S WELCOME	PAYING INDEMNITY
WOMAN IN THE HOUSE	NO DOUBT ABOUT IT	WHEN THE GIRLS RETURN	A SORRY FIGURE
TURNING THE TABLES	IN A FOG	PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT	THE KAISER

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(312) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

BE IF UNABLE TO OBTAIN EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(312) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 312. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(312) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(312) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 313.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS—UNDESIRABLE GUESTS—FREE AND EASY—A HARD LESSON—MAN TO VOTE FOR—SOCIALISM—PLEASING BOTTOMLEY—COSTLY GAME—TAKING HIS SEAT—KISSING—GERMANY'S PUNISHMENT—WHAT'S NEEDED NOW—A COOL CUSTOMER—MY VOTE—THE CROWN PRINCE—CHANGING HIS JOB—SENSATIONAL ENDING—FEEDING GERMANY—ARMY OF OCCUPATION—MY SWEETHEART LIKES

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **313** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 313,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the forty examples for competition **312.**

Result of 309th "Bulleta" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. LOUIS LEWIS, c.o. Mrs. Tupling, 17, High Street, Whitchurch, Salop.

Example:—COLD COMFORT.
Bullet:—FROM "FIRES" OF REVOLUTION.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. G. CAMERON, c.o. Dryson, Chemical Laboratory University, Glasgow.

Example:—WHAT'S WANTED.
Bullet:—KAISER—WILL EXCHANGE HALDANE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Sergt. HARRY WOODWARD, Depot 6th Seaforth Highlanders, Elgin, Scotland.

Example:—RULE BRITANNIA.
Bullet:—MAKES GERMAN "AIRS" RIDICULOUS.

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. J. ABSALOM, 64, Croft Road, Blyth, Northumberland:
RULE BRITANNIA—BY THUMB, NO LONGER.

Mr. A. PLAYFAIR, 41, Norwich Road, Ipswich:
COLD COMFORT—DISCHARGED MUNITIONETTE'S PIANO.

Mr. A. W. LAIN, 62, Leicester Street, Norwich:
GOING BEGGING—NIPPERS IN FATHER'S "PRODIGAL."

Miss J. TERRISS, 80, Claughton Street, St. Helens:
RETURNING HOME—NATION'S REAL "LABOUR LEADERS."

Mrs. T. PLATT, 26, Alton Street, Hr. Openshaw, Manchester:
WHAT'S WANTED—PRUSSIANISM ENDED—THEN BOLSHEVISM.

Mr. H. HIGGINSON, 21, Leeson Park Avenue, Appian Way, Dublin.
THE KAISER'S PRAYER—DOESN'T INCLUDE KARL NOW.

Mr. E. HOYLAND, 3, High Street, West Melton, nr. Rotherham:
A FRETTY GIRL—THE AVIATOR'S OTHER OBSERVER.

Mr. V. STEVENSON, 63, Gillygate, York:
WITHOUT COAL—ARTIST COULDN'T KEEP MODEL.

Mr. T. BAGLEY, 10, Fleet Street, Derby:
IN A HOPELESS STATE—AVIATION—BUT FOR WAR.

Mr. H. HUMPHRIES, Regent Street, Newmarket:
THING OF THE PAST—DEMOCRACY "MADE TO ORDER."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. H. R. SMITH, 10, Winbourne Road, Radford, Notts:
WHAT'S WANTED—SHORT CONFERENCE—LONG PEACE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Sgt. T. WHITE, (Tanks), 129, William Street, Swindon:
AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE—BRAINS NEEDED, "HEADS" DEMANDED.

Mr. A. E. PRICE, 70, Victoria Road, London:
PUTTING THINGS STRAIGHT—IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT BIG INDEMNITY.

Mr. S. DAVIDSON, 158, Drayton Pk., Highbury:
LEAVE IT TO FOCH—OUR CLEVEREST "CONFIDENCE TRICK."

Mr. J. MORTIMER, The Lodge, Chobham, Woking
A PRETTY GIRL—WORTH "GOING STRAIGHT" FOR.

Mr. H. PARRIS, Victoria Restaurant, Hythe Street, Dartford:
BEFORE CHRISTMAS—PROFITEER DONE "FILLING STOCKING."

Mr. P. McALOON, 93, Highhouse, Auchinleck, Ayrshire:
COLD COMFORT—EMIGRATION SCHEMES FOR TOMMY.

Mrs. S. A. WOOLF, 103, White Horse Lane, Mile End, E.
HANGING HIS HEAD—FACING A "BREEZE" APPARENTLY.

Mr. R. MORGAN, Bryn-Clyn, Moylegrove, Cardigan:
IN A HOPELESS STATE—OF "FERMENT" BEFORE "BREWO."

Mr. J. BILLINGHAM, Usk, Newport, Mon.:
ON SATURDAY NIGHT—FATHER'S HE BLUDDIE.

BRING THE CHILDREN TO

GAMAGES

XMAS BAZAAR.

WALKING RABBIT

By touching tail, the rabbit hops along in a very realistic manner. Made in Brown plush.

Price 5/9. Post 6

The Children will be delighted with the WONDERFUL MODELS and TOYS, also the Beautifully Coloured PICTURES OF "GULLIVER."

PEACE BIRD.

Very realistic. Moves head and wings by pulling strings behind. Made in white plush with green wings and red head.

Price 8/6. Post 6d.

Interesting

XMAS CATALOGUE

Post Free, containing Toys and Presents

TEDDY WALKER.

Walks upstairs or over chairs. Novel and interesting.

Price 2/11. Post 6d.

English-made Soft Body DOLL

Dressed, china head, painted eyes, jointed arms and legs, shoes.

Length	
9½ in	4/6
12	6/6

Post 6d.

All Post Orders should be accompanied by Remittance.

HOLBORN LONDON, E.C.1.

1/- The MUSICAL SUBMARINE

plays any tune, and requires no learning. Fascinating ... Most successful effect in home ... or Open Air. Song accompaniments, brass band ... charges playing. Try one, then send it to your ... Price 1/-, postage 2d. ... Finest Quality, for Pocket Lighters, 1/3 per doz.

C. ORME, 39, Chancery Lane, London W.C.2.

List of 150 winners of Turkey Prizes in Competition No. 309 will be forwarded on receipt of 1½d. stamp, and will be published in the "Competitor's Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ___ and Co. ___ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

—but have you tried the 'Midland'?

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Rail Fares Paid.

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

IN many places you'll find it difficult to get the furniture you want at any price. But—have you tried the "Midland"?

For variety of choice, for beauty of workmanship, for sterling quality, for bedrock value, there's nowhere like the "Midland." It's the one place in all London where you can be absolutely certain of getting just the thing you are looking for—and getting it at a price which means pounds off the bill.

Money buys more a the "Midland."

When you've made your selection from the £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons you can either pay cash and get 10 per cent. discount, or avail yourself of the "Midland" Ideal Terms. The choice rests with you. If you prefer to furnish out of income, paying by degrees at your own convenience, the Midland Ideal Terms enable you to do so without touching your capital. You will not be charged one penny for credit, for interest or for any extras whatsoever.

Specimen of Handsome Dining-Room Suite on Jacobean lines.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Free Fire Insurance

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is insured against damage by Fire.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

ALL BRITISH

FOR **COUGHS.**

Ormbridge's Lung Tonic

FOR **COLDS.**

The Leather Shortage

STRIKING INNOVATION.

YOU can effect a REAL ECONOMY by wearing this unique DOUBLE SOLE BOOT, and protect your health by its perfect damp-resistance.

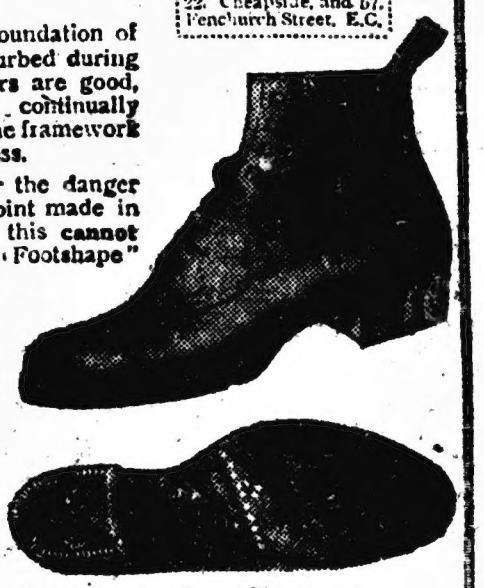
Unlike ordinary footwear, the foundation of the double sole boot is **never** disturbed during repairs, and as long as the uppers are good, fresh "Clump"-soles can be continually attached without fear of ruining the framework of the boot and making it useless.

In a single sole boot there is ever the danger of wet penetrating through the joint made in applying the new half sole, but this **cannot** occur with Barratt's Double Sole "Footshape"—the original foundation is always intact.

Try this Guaranteed Box Calf Derby of suitable Autumn weight.

Remit 29/6 Now

SPECIAL SHOW
next 7 days at London Depots:
22, Cheapside, and 57, Fenchurch Street, E.C.



Send 3d. for our Art Catalogue of Ladies' and Gents' Footwear.

Sizes: 5 to 12 (sizes 12, 1/- extra). Each size made in four widths: narrow, medium, wide and extra wide. If size not known, send outline of stockinged foot. Boots exchanged or money refunded if unsuitable.

W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.), "Footshape Works,"
NORTHAMPTON.

LAURIE'S POPULAR LIBRARY

2s. 4d. each, Post Free.

Books by Victoria Cross.

A GIRL OF THE KLONDYKE
FIVE NIGHTS
SELF AND THE OTHER
ETERNAL FIRES
PAULA
EVELYN HASTINGS
THE NIGHT OF TEMPTATION
SIX WOMEN
LIFE'S SHOP WINDOW

Books by Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

THE SECRET FLAT
THE WILD WIDOW
THE MAN MARKET
PURPLE PASSION
SCARLET KISS
GREEN GRAPES
THE WIFE WHO FOUND OUT
GOLDEN YOUTH
VIOLET VIRTUE

Books by "Banco."

LIL OF THE LOUNGE
KIT OF THE KITCHEN
THE OUTRAGE

Books by Maud Churton Braby.

THE HONEY OF ROMANCE
DOWNWARD
MODERN MARRIAGE AND HOW TO BEAR IT.

Please send for full list of Library.

T. WERNER LAURIE, Ltd.
(Room B), 30, NEW BRIDGE ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

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